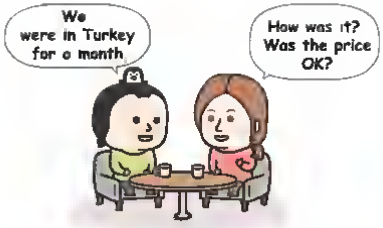


People ask what our trip was like.

My eyes shook.

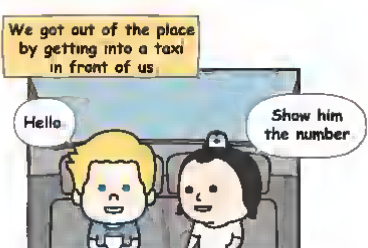
I'm scared

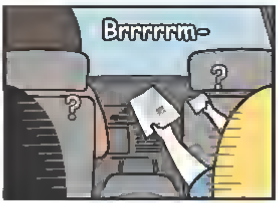
Istanbul,
Atatürk airport

The flat owner told me
to ask the taxi driver
to call him.

The first task
that we got on the first day
was finding our flat.

And outside the airport was crowded with people smoking and taxies.

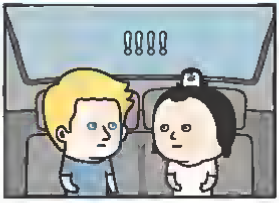




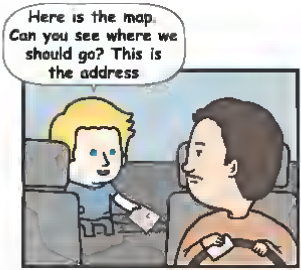
Then the driver just started to drive without saying a word.

[Nervous]

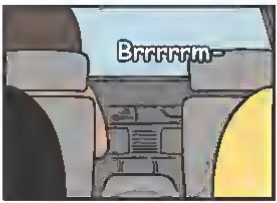
When we finally got out of the airport, the driver received the number from us.



No one answered the phone.



On top of that,
the driver didn't speak English at all.

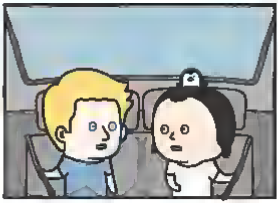


Still the car was moving.

I looked outside the window to colm myself.

I found that four cars were running side by side on the road with three lanes.

Mev and I quickly grabbed the seat belts.



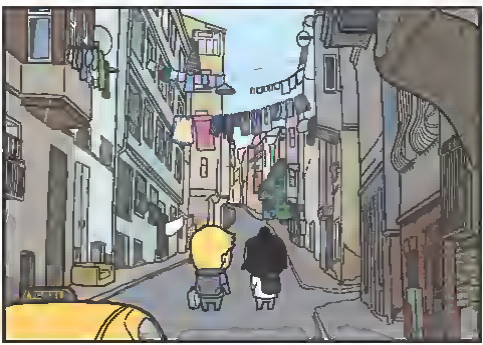
But then...

. . there was no buckle
to buckle up the belt.

Turkish cars were running like crazy horses.
We even didn't know where we were going.

Then about 10 minutes later,
finally the flat owner called back the driver.

After another 10 minutes.
We arrived at the destination...



... still alive.

Since we had experienced
Turkish taxies a few more times.
One day, Mev told me.

There are rental car companies.
Well, we can rent one later though.
We could have rented a car! Then it could be easier.
Oh yeah. Why didn't we think about that?
EuroRent

We must have wanted to die.

Everything else was all very safe!